

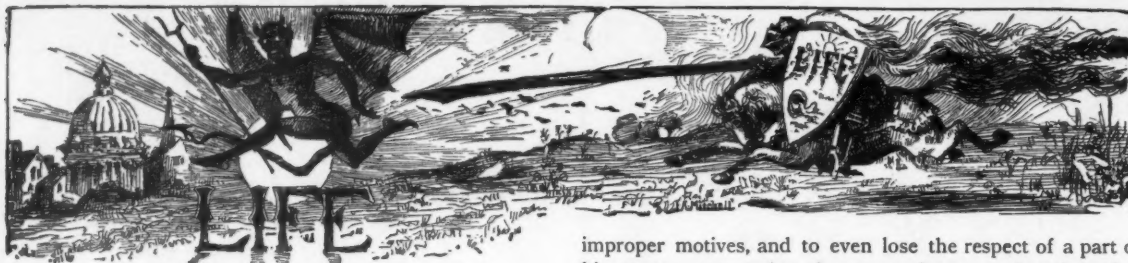
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### EXCESS OF CAUTION.

*Nervous Passenger (on Southern Railroad):* CONDUCTOR, WHY ARE WE RUNNING AT SUCH A FRIGHTFUL RATE OF SPEED?

*Conductor (reassuringly):* THERE'S A ROTTEN BRIDGE, MADAM, HALF A MILE AHEAD, AND WE WANT TO GET OVER IT WITH AS LITTLE STRAIN AS POSSIBLE.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XI. JUNE 14, 1888. No. 285.

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

THE Republican elephant is almost ready, as depicted in our cartoon to-day, to start on his perilous and uncertain trip across the slack rope to the White House; and, as the intelligent observer will note, he does not stand much chance of getting there. Indeed, it looks very much as if the decrepid beast would fall into the chasm and take his precious freight with him. Two parties never started into a presidential contest in such unequal condition before in the history of these United States. On the one hand is the Democracy with a trusted and tried leader at their head and with an important public issue that has been made its own. On the other are the disorganized and disheartened Republicans, without a leader and encumbered by a negative principle. It does not need much of a prophet to predict the result. But what a merry time there will be in Chicago next week!

AN important chapter of public history was given to the world last week, in the form of a letter from George C. Gorham, of Washington, to the *Herald*, in which he states Roscoe Conkling's side of the controversy between the dead statesman and James G. Blaine, that resulted in the resignation of Mr. Conkling, in 1881, and to which is due, perhaps, the death of Garfield. The disclosures that Mr. Gorham makes are not in detail new to the people. They have been hinted at before, and even published in fragmentary form. Mr. Conkling never uttered a word in public on the subject, however, and his personal views and feelings are thus for the first time made known to the world.

ACCORDING to Mr. Gorham, it was the personal quarrel that Blaine thrust upon Conkling in the House of Representatives, in 1864, that brought about the resignation twenty years later; Blaine, as Garfield's friend, having induced the President to publicly humiliate the Senator from New York and to break down his leadership in his own State as a deliberate plan of revenge. It will confirm the friends of Conkling in their high estimate of his character to learn that he chose to suffer under the imputation of

improper motives, and to even lose the respect of a part of his countrymen, rather than to make an explanation after Garfield's death that would injure the reputation of the martyred President in the memory of the people. Conkling was wounded in the house of his friends; his self-denying services were repaid by treachery, and the death of Garfield placed a seal upon his lips, when the explanation that a less chivalrous man would have made would have set him right before his countrymen, to whose opinion he was so extremely sensitive, and have brought confusion to his enemies.

A READER of *LIFE* opines, apropos of our observations concerning Dickens's gentlemen last week, that if *Twemlow*, *Carton* and *Wrayburn* were not gentlemen, that author never portrayed any. Herein he agrees with Mr. Stevenson, who declares that Dickens tried vainly, during the earlier part of his career, to create a gentleman, and only succeeded in his later works. But Dickens created a gentleman in his very first novel, "*The Pickwick Papers*." *Mr. Pickwick* was a gentleman in every sense of the term, save, perhaps, in the matter of birth, according to English ideas. He combined true gentleness of heart and mind with chivalrous conduct and lofty principle. He spoke with "aplomb and fitness" upon all occasions. It was the gentleman, acting under embarrassing conditions, to be sure, but still the gentleman, who explained matters from the closet of the boarding-school kitchen and from behind the curtains of the maiden lady's bed. And let anyone try to pick a flaw in his conduct with *Alfred Jingle*, in the various circumstances in which they meet throughout the book, or with *Mrs. Bardell* during her unfortunate career.

EXAMINE *Mr. Pickwick's* manners and conduct at *Mrs. Leo Hunter's* reception, at Dingley Dell, at the various public-houses and with the queer characters he met, and you will find him the gentleman throughout. In his intercourse with servants and officers of the law he unites dignity with a proper amount of condescension. In the scene with *Dodson & Fogg* he does not go outside of bounds permissible in the case of a gentleman suffering under the outrages that have been inflicted upon him. He is the gentleman when he addresses *Mr. Bob Sawyer's* landlady, the gentleman when he explains *Mr. Winkle's* marriage to *Arabella Allen's* father. He is the gentleman in all circumstances throughout the book, and the embellishment of his whole character as a gentleman is his crowning act of kindness to *Jingle* and *Mrs. Bardell*. When Dickens created *Pickwick* he created a gentleman, whether he was conscious of it or otherwise.



WRONG AGAIN.

"AH! JACK'S VOICE! BE STILL,  
MY HEART; HE SERENADES ME!"

NO, DEAR; IT SOUNDS LIKE  
HIS VOICE, BUT IT ISN'T.

#### A BLISSFUL EVENING.

MRS. OVERTHERHINE (*of Cincinnati, to daughter, returned from the Thomas Festival*): Did you enjoy the music, my dear?

DAUGHTER: It was divine, mamma! I was in a trance of dreamy enjoyment through the entire exquisite performance.

MRS. OVERTHERHINE: Aren't you rather late?

DAUGHTER: Rather, I fancy, mamma. Mr. Ohlsen invited me to Bullwinkle's for a hot sausage.

#### MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

MAGISTRATE: Under what circumstances, Uncle Rastus, were you induced to violate the law?

UNCLE RASTUS: Dey was mitigatin' circumstances, sah; dat's what dey was.

#### A LOVE GAME.

WE played at tennis every day,  
At first quite free of heart and gay;  
But as the year crept on towards fall,  
My heart went bounding with the ball.

This tennis net was like a snare;  
It caught my soul and held it there;  
She beat me every game we played,  
So far away my thoughts had strayed.

And, try my best, each time the same,  
Uneven score we made—love game;  
While flushing with the exercise,  
Her laughing face mocked at my sighs.

And yet I think I well may boast  
That spite of all I won the most;  
While she was winning games from me,  
I, lucky man, won her, you see.

E. W.

#### UNCONGENIAL TASTES.

ON THE PORCH OF A SUMMER HOTEL.

JAGGS (*to new arrival*): How delicious the long dreamy twilight of these summer evenings!

NEW ARRIVAL: H'm! I rather fancy winter the best

JAGGS: Indeed! You're in the coal business, I suppose?

NEW ARRIVAL: No; gas!

#### HOW SOLOMON GOT LEFT.

VOICE OF THE AGES: Look not on the wine when it is red!

SNIGGINS: I don't, old boy; I drink champagne!



#### NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

Artist: Yes, sir; I CAN ENLARGE THIS PHOTOGRAPH, AND GIVE YOU A SPEAKING LIKENESS.

Widower (*whose knowledge of art terms is limited, but who has a very vivid remembrance of deceased*): A SPEAKING LIKENESS! I WOULD LIKE THE PORTRAIT, BUT—BUT I—ER—DON'T CARE TO HAVE IT TALK MUCH.





### "WHO WOULDN'T?"

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, when asked by a newspaper reporter whether he would accept the Republican nomination for President if it were offered to him, only replied: "Who wouldn't?" And that is an interesting query. Would Mr. Blaine refuse if it were offered to him in a box, like the Freedom of the City? We trow not.



FROM now on the audiences at the comic-opera performances, viewed from above, will resemble sections of cobble-stone pavement. The mesdames and the demoiselles with les enfants are packed off to the country and the seashore, and paterfamilias is left at home alone to write dismal letters to his loved ones and enjoy himself. In his mind's-eye are visions of suburban watering-places and gay company, and in his mind's-ear sounds the ecstatic chuckle of the extorted cork. Unhappy man of business who is confined to the heated city during the summer months! And he couldn't be dragged away to his family by all Buffalo Bill's horses and Buffalo Bill's men.

THERE are rumors that a deep purpose underlies the presence of the Hon. Carl Schurz in Berlin. He has been described as friendly with the Emperor, cordial with the Crown Prince, and confidentially intimate with Bismarck. If there is any one in Berlin that Mr. Schurz doesn't know, it must be some one whose acquaintance is very remotely advantageous, if at all.

WHICH suggests that the ex-Editor has looked the ground over carefully in Europe and America, and has concluded that Germany is the one of his fatherlands which at present offers the best opportunities to a man of enterprise who is looking around. If the Crown Prince should succeed his father, as may happen any day, what a comfort it would doubtless be to him to have at hand a

politician of Herr Schurz's unrivaled experience, free from factional associations, who could talk English to his mother, address the Reichstag in German, and fit him with a ministry of any shade of sentiment out of the materials at hand! Or, if Count Herbert Bismarck should suddenly become Chancellor, what a prop Mr. Hayes's ex-Secretary might be to him! Or, if Count von Moltke should drop off, there would be General Schurz, that scarred veteran, to consult with.

Of course, appearances are not conclusive, but it really does look as if "The Professional German" had got back to Germany with a more or less definite intention of practicing!

HEREAFTER we shall have no more hangings to disgust our murderers by the publicity of their taking-off. Gentlemen who are condemned to capital punishment now need only go quietly and unostentatiously to the electric machine and shuffle off their mortal coils so quickly and agreeably, that they will be in Paradise—where most murderers announce their intention of going—before they hardly realize that they have left this earth. One scarcely knows now whether he had rather be a convicted murderer or an electric wire lineman.

TAKE care of the sense and the dollars will take care of themselves.



Before

OUR  
FRESH-AIR  
FUND



After

WE take a sincere pleasure in recording the good work so well begun in this excellent charity. One hundred and twenty-seven dollars means a two week's outing in the country for forty-two poor children, and the fraction of another one left over by our esteemed contemporary. We shall soon get the whole child together at this rate, however, and then he, or she, can have a good time, too.

W. M. H.	\$15.00
The Mail and Express	100.00
M.	3.00
C.	9.00
	<hr/>
	\$127.00

We take the liberty of publishing the following letter:

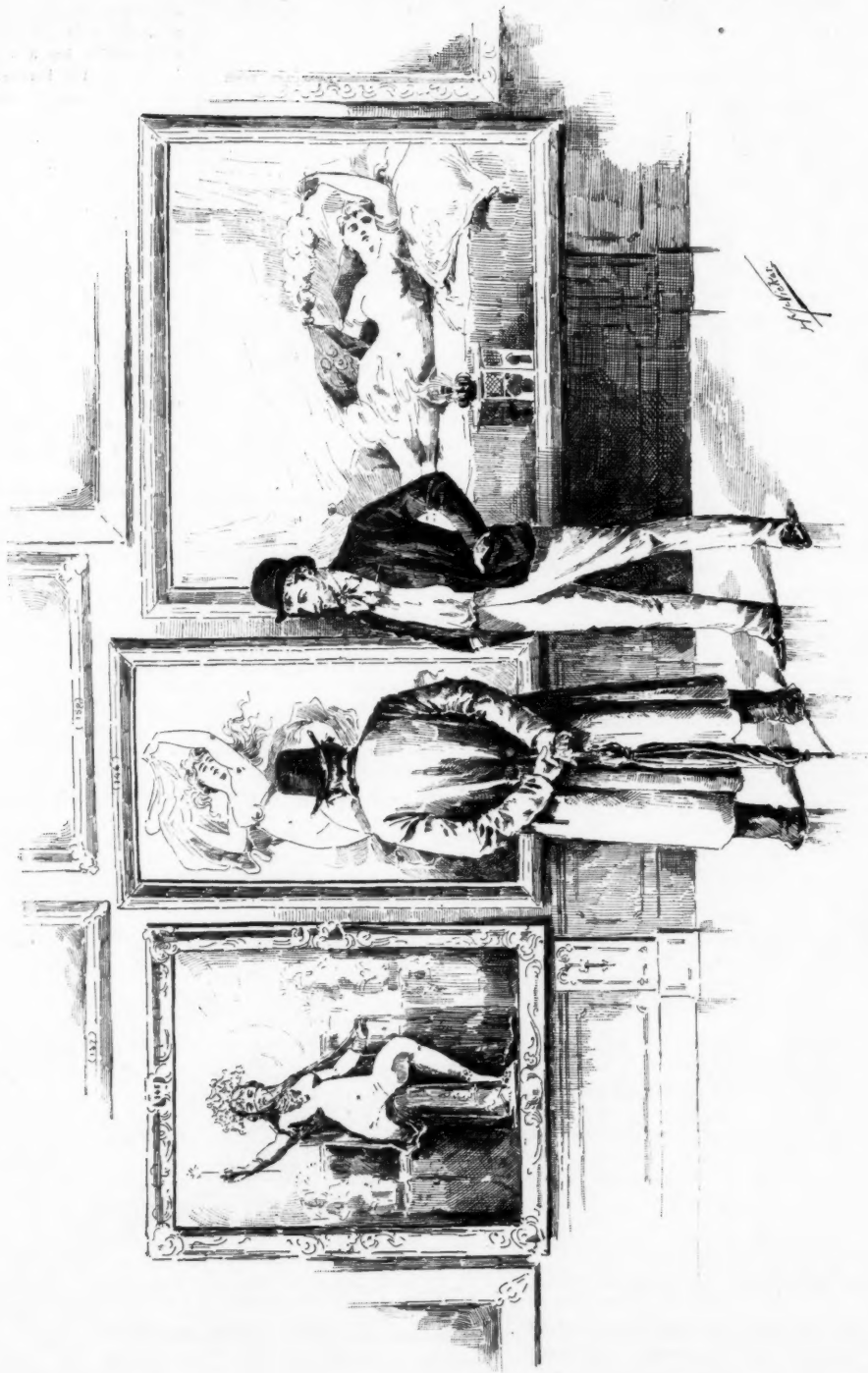
23 PARK ROW, June 6, 1888.

DEAR LIFE:

Will you kindly permit the enclosed \$100 to send 33 1/3 boys and girls in your band to the country for a fortnight? And if the third of a boy or girl should come back a whole one, don't charge anything for the two-thirds, for that will only be a dividend of LIFE.

Lovingly yours,

The Mail and Express.

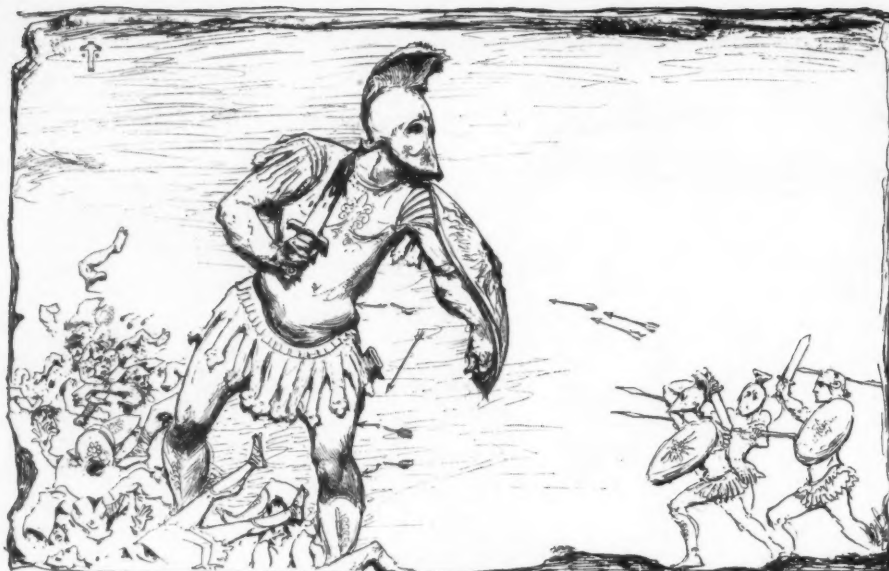


Salon, 1888.

Uninitiated Father: SO THIS IS THE "line," IS IT?

Artistic Son: YES, THIS IS WHAT WE CALL "THE LINE."

Uninitiated Father: WELL, IT WOULD NEVER BE MISTAKEN FOR A *clothes* LINE!



### THE CAREER OF ACHILLES.

IN the intervals of his engrossing duties as editor of the *Olympian Gazette*, Colonel Homer wrote a poem called "The Iliad." Colonel Homer has never received any royalty on his book, owing to the absence of an international copyright law.

The hero of this little romance of the Colonel's was a military gentleman named Achilles.

When he was very small, Achilles' mother, who doubtless expected her son to honor his family by developing into a baseball umpire, wished, with true motherly forethought, to render him invulnerable to brickbats and other persuaders.

So she dipped him in the River Styx, holding him by the heel, which section of his understanding was not saturated.

We pass over the time spent by Achilles in going to school, and take up his life again as he approaches manhood.

When the capture of Troy seemed desirable to the Greeks, a seer named Calchas was asked whether or not that town could be captured, and he said it could not unless Achilles assisted.

Achilles' mother, still watchful of her son, although he was a big boy now and belonged to the militia, feared he would be fatally killed if he went to the cruel war, so she sent him to the court of King Lycomedes.

Here he wore false hair and a bustle, read Browning's poems, and in other ways masqueraded as a girl.

General Ulysses suspected some trick of this sort, and resorted to one himself to decide whether Achilles was among the maids.

He offered a choice display of presents to them. Some selected spring bonnets, others took caramels and chewing gum, while a few enjoyed Ulysses' liberality to the extent of selecting dress patterns and jewelry. But one of the girls took a baseball outfit.

This girl was Achilles.

The hiding scheme thus proving a failure, and no substitutes being allowable, Achilles put on his uniform and sailed for Troy. Soon after his arrival he engaged in one of the profoundest sulks ever known.

The magazines of that day were full of war articles on the subject, in which different theories were propounded in explanation of Achilles' masterly inactivity; but the following recital may be depended upon as giving the true inwardness of the business.

Achilles had eloped with a girl named Briseis, and had taken her with him to Troy, probably with the intention of procuring her a situation in one of the laundries for which that town was famous, and of using her stipend as beer money.

Another party, named Agamemnon, who commanded the third army corps, had also been engaged in the maiden-stealing industry. He had abducted Chryseius, a daughter of one of Apollo's priests. This infuriated Apollo, and he sent an AI pestilence into the Greek camp, which displayed a great deal of pernicious activity, and refused to leave until Agamemnon sent the girl back home.

All would have been serene had the matter rested here, but Agamemnon then took

Achilles' girl to fill the vacancy, and the latter got mad.

A little thing like that annoyed him.

After that Achilles and Agamemnon never saluted each other as they passed by.

Then Achilles refused to participate in the war, but sulked in his tent.

He did nothing but sulk, and drew his pay and rations with unerring precision until a Trojan named Hector killed Patroclus, a man who used to go to school with Achilles, and play marbles with him.

Achilles then thought it was time to take a hand in the fray, to avenge his friend's death.

He did so, and for a while carried on a large wholesale business in Trojan gore.

After Troy surrendered Major Achilles retired into private life, and became postmaster of his town.

He was brought into prominence, however, by being shot by a Frenchman named Paris, who drew a bead on his heel, Achilles' only vulnerable spot.

Wm. H. Siviter.



### THE CITY COUSIN.

SHE: Oh, Charlie, come out and see the milk-maid.  
HE: Where is that—at the pump?

"THUS THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME  
BRINGS IN HIS REVENGES."



SHE was a winsome maid I wooed  
Long years ago, but Fate tabooed  
My frequent calling,  
For when I fain would talk of love,  
Her infant sister from above  
Began a bawling.

I viewed that child with more than hate,  
As with each broken tête-à-tête  
Love seemed to falter;  
And though, as time winged on, we strayed  
In friendship's paths, not one conveyed  
Unto the altar.

But now will be a wedding there;  
The happy groom falls to my share.  
You wonder, maybe,  
Why Hymen all these years did bide;  
But 'tis not *she* will be the bride—  
It is that baby!

H. E. W.



FEARS RELIEVED.

OFFICE BOY (*to country editor*): Man  
outside, sir, wants to see the editor.

EDITOR (*anxiously*): What does he want of  
the editor?

BOY: Says he wants to mop the floor with  
him.

EDITOR (*relieved*): Oh, show him in. I was  
afraid it was somebody come to stop his paper.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

WIFE: Do you think, my dear, that Mr.  
Blaine will be on the ocean when the  
Convention meets?

HUSBAND: Yes, probably; and, with the  
Convention also at sea, it looks as if the party  
might have a wet time of it.

NO RESEMBLANCE.

"MISS SMITH, do you know who that  
very amiable looking old lady is,  
with soft gray hair and pleasant eyes, and such  
a sweet expression?"

"That is mamma."

"Is it possible!"

UNNECESSARY TROUBLE.

POLICEMAN (*to Brown, who is clinging  
to a lamp-post*): Shall I help you over to  
your house, Mr. Brown?

BROWN: No, shunneshy. Housh be (*hic*)  
here in minute; can see it comin'. Been  
'round twishe already.



A. J. Clapp - 88 -

BOTH IGNORANT.

Judge: DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU WILL GO TO, LITTLE BOY, IF YOU  
SWEAR TO WHAT IS NOT TRUE?

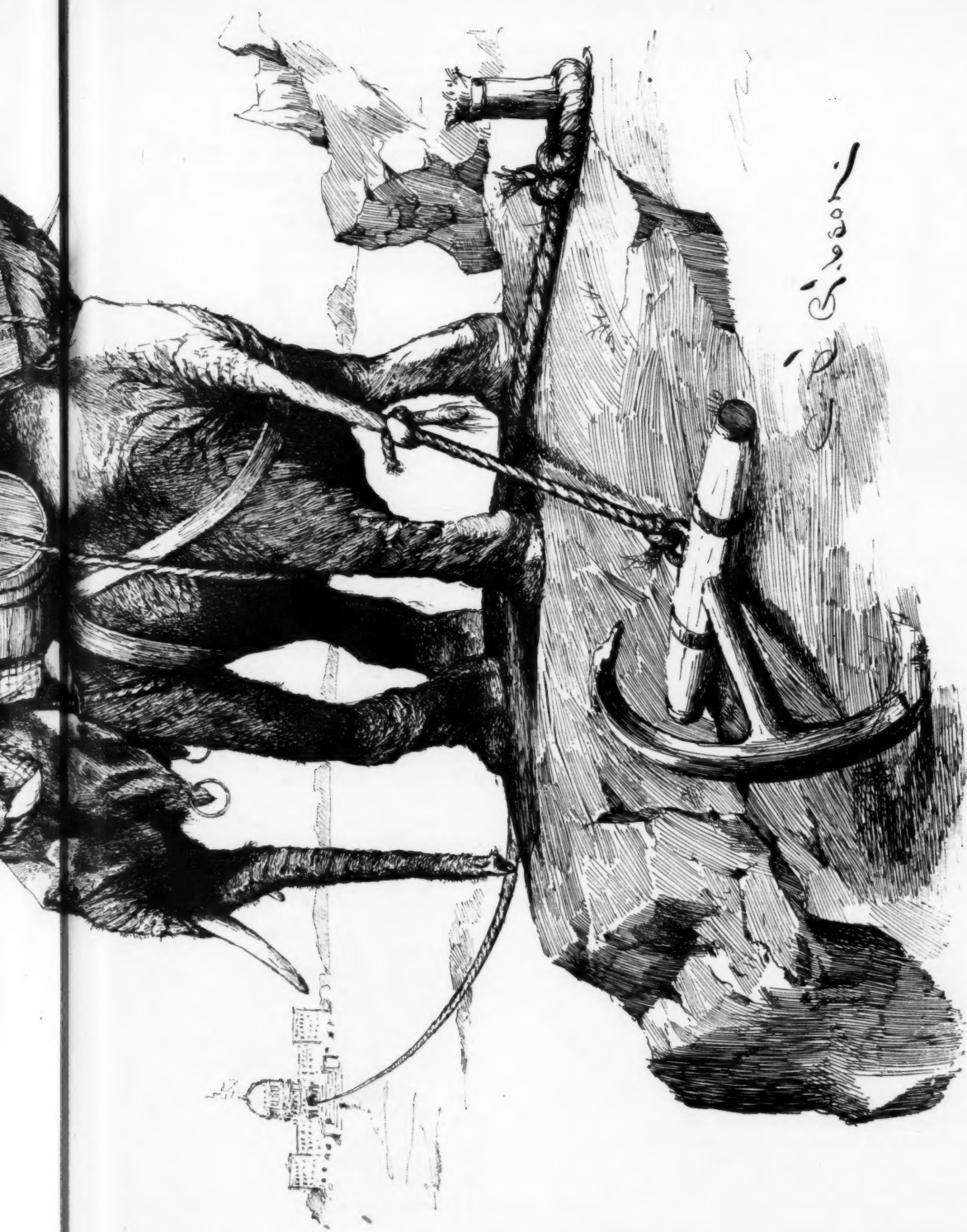
Boy (*of radical tendencies*): NO; NOR YOU NEITHER.



· LIFE ·







WILL HE DO IT?



## THE 401st MAN.

HOW worthless, empty and wretched is a life passed without the confines that hem in the accredited and authenticated worshippers of the Golden Calf.

The Peri at the gates of Paradise, a starving man at Delmonico's window, a presidential dark horse thinking of the White House—all these are contented and happy to the superlative degree when compared with me.

When the First Groom of the Ball-

Room decreed that only four hundred persons should be considered as of New York's fashionable society, I just missed being included, and must now wait until death shall cause a vacancy in the sacred circle.

I do not know what I have done to merit such treatment. In fact, I never have done anything that I know of. I certainly have never demeaned myself by toil of any kind.

My scanty income has been spent far more in behalf of society than for my own good. I have lived in a hall bedroom to save money to show myself at the opera. When I heard that the Van Squawks were to give a ball at Delmonico's, I went without my dinner for a week that I might take Miss Bessie and her mamma to the theatre.

Except in the summer, I have never missed a Sunday at the Church of the Holy Millionaires. To be sure, I darn my own socks, but no one could possibly know of that. I have never led any young men of good family astray by asking them to drink at my expense. On the contrary, when they have invited me, I have endeavored to teach them that drinking was an extravagant vice by taking the highest priced drinks on the list. I have always laughed heartily at the right people's stories and jokes. There are few men in town who know more disagreeable things about people than I do, and I have always been careful to tell them only to audiences that would appreciate and enjoy them, changing my subjects to suit the personal dislikes of my hearers. When I am with girls, I can giggle as hard as any of them, and there are few afternoon teas where I have not been a welcome guest. I have studiously avoided anything like brilliancy in my talk, for this is sure to excite envy or create enemies. I have never let it appear that I possessed any brains, for nothing is more certain completely to bar a man from the best society.

Notwithstanding all this, I am left out from the Four Hundred. Thank Providence, they may be select, but they are not immortal, and Death is bound to force his way among them before long. They cannot be so exclusive as to keep him out, and he will make a place for me.

A vista of cheap dinners stretches before me meanwhile, for I can expect no invitations to Tuxedo or Newport. I shall spend the summer at my mother's humble home, and save money against my return to the sacred precincts. My time shall be spent in watching the obituary columns, and in figuring the expectation of life among four hundred average—very average—people.

*Metcalfe.*

## AN INFALLIBLE SAFEGUARD.

HIGGINS: Wonder what kind of weather we'll have to-day, Wiggins?

WIGGINS: I expect a fair, clear day.

HIGGINS: Then why on earth are you carrying that umbrella and mackintosh?

WIGGINS: So that it will be certain to be a fair, clear day.

## JONAH.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: Tommy Traddles may tell us who Jonah was.

TOMMY TRADDLES: Anson says it's Kelly.

## BOSOM FRIENDS.

CLARA: I had such a pleasant call last night from Mr. Paperwate, Ethel. It was fully twelve o'clock before he could tear himself away.

ETHEL: I hope his coat didn't suffer, dear.



## A SET-BACK.

Mr. Softleigh: WHAT, IN YOUR OPINION, IS THE LIMIT TO LOVE?

Miss Hardy: MATRIMONY.



IN THE SPRING THE SCHOOL-BOY'S FANCY DOESN'T TURN, ETC.

"SEND IT LIVELY, TOM; JUST THE SAME AS IF IT WUS THE TEACHER'S HEAD!"

#### IN GERMANY.

THAT is a pretty serious issue between George Washington Smalley and Blakeley Hall. Mr. Hall cabled to the *Sun* not long ago that the American Minister to Germany had taken no pains at all to get him free tickets to the Emperor William's funeral, and that when it began to look as if he would have to pay to go in or stay away altogether, he went to the British Embassy, where he was cordially received, and his affidavit taken as to his wants. A few hours later one of the Embassy's hired men came around to Mr. Hall's house with a full set of tickets entitling him to pass the lines, view the remains, occupy one of the front seats in church, and ride on the hearse to the cemetery, if there should be a vacant seat. In consequence of these privileges that Mr. Hall obtained, his account of the funeral was unrivaled, and conclusively betokened front seats to everything, and the confidence of the undertaker.

WHICH account, it seems, Mr. George W. Smalley saw, and was so possessed with jealous rage that he sought to pierce the hide of Hall's balloon, and to that end got affidavits from the British Embassy at Berlin to the effect that they didn't know Mr. Hall there, and that no one connected with the Embassy would confess to giving him any tickets. These affidavits Mr. Smalley sent to the *Tribune* by the shortest cable, and they were printed.

OF course, when Mr. Hall finds out what sort of a sleuthhound has been on his track, and with what results, there will be trouble. It is impossible that his story about his successful appeal to the British Embassy was fictitious, and yet it is curious that neither the British Minister to Berlin, nor any of his underlings, remembers Mr. Hall as such. Is it possible that the *Sun's* correspondent, failing to bring Gentleman George Pendleton, of Ohio, to a

sense of his needs, deemed it best to call on the British representatives in character, and that tickets were sent to him under the mistaken idea that he was the Czar of Russia, or the King of Spain, or one of the Battenbergs, or Buffalo Bill, or some one, in disguise? He got the tickets. His report of the funeral attests that. And yet the British Embassy doesn't remember him! It does seem as if there had been a mistake somewhere.

BUT whatever form Mr. Hall's explanation takes, of course he

will remember that Mr. Smalley is an older man than himself, with a constitution moreover impaired by a much longer residence among the effete monarchies, where beef is dear and rum cheap. Of course, remembering this, he will not permit himself to hope for anything in the nature of a personal collision with his accuser.

MR. SMALLEY has his faults, dear Mr. Hall. He is a Tory squire, and has a holding in Suffolk, and is too English for anything, and all that—but we have got used to him, and know how to make such allowances for what he says, as to get a notion of what is going on from his letters. Don't wipe him out, Mr. Hall. Remember that his extermination would probably result in the exposure of a fresh American to those enervating British influences that have made Smalley what he is. Let him live. It will be enough if you demolish his accusations.

E. S. M.



"THE LADY AW(ES) THE TIGER."



## LIFE'S POLITICAL WEATHER BUREAU.



"Stormy, with Hot Waves."



"Very Changeable."



"Blustery."



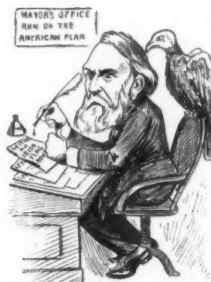
"Mild and Pleasant, but followed by severe frosts."



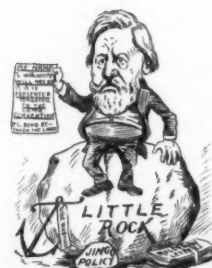
"Very Hot, with Thunder and Lightning."



"Dry."



"Warm and Clear, with occasional storms." (Irishmen had better seek shelter when this weather prevails.)



"Foggy; Misty; Uncertain; Cautionary signals will be continued over the entire country. Outgoing vessels should keep well to the windward."

## HARSH TREATMENT.

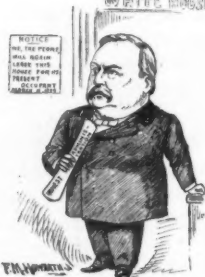
**BOBBY** (*looking out of the window*): What's the matter with that horse, Mamma?

**MOTHER**: The horse is balky, Bobby; he won't obey his driver.

**BOBBY**: Well, what's the man patting him for?

**MOTHER**: He is coaxing him.

**BOBBY** (*with an injured air*): That ain't the way you treat me when I'm balky.



"Settled."

## OVERDOING THE MATTER.

**FOND MOTHER**: I do so hope that George has studied hard at college. I have tried to impress upon his mind the value of a liberal education.

**FATHER**: I am afraid, my dear, that you have rather overdone the matter. I had to send him a check for an extra two hundred dollars to-day.

## LAUGHING WATERS.

**THEY** were seated on a grassy bank. "Maude," he said "do you not love to listen to the music of the brook as it babbles ceaselessly on?"

"Yes, dear," she replied, "the babbling of a *brook* is very pleasant."

## FITTED FOR THE BUSINESS.

**ICE DEALER** (*to applicant*): Ever been in the ice business, boy?

**BOY**: No, sir.

**ICE DEALER**: H-m. Know anything about arithmetic?

**BOY**: Yes, sir.

**ICE DEALER**: H-m. What would twenty pounds of ice amount to at a cent and a half a pound?

**BOY**: Seventy-five cents, sir.

**ICE DEALER**: H-m. You seem a likely lad. I guess I'll give you a trial.

## GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

**DEALER**: That hat's worth two dollars and a half, but I will let you, as a friend, have it for two dollars.

**BROWN**: All right; but say, the fifty cents goes with the hat, don't it?

## A STIRRING EVANGELIST.

**MRS. JOHNSING**: Dar am a mighty pow'ful preacher down at de chu'ch, Cicely; yo' oughter come hear 'im.

**MRS. YALLERBY**: What he done preach on yest'day.

**MRS. JOHNSING**: I disremember jus' now; but, O Lordy! how he can jus' holler an' stomp!



LITTLE RHODA'S BAD HABIT.

THE drug clerk in the village store  
Got mashed on little Rhoda,  
Who came in almost every day  
To bi-carbonate of soda.—*Telegram.*

MR. SLIMBRAIN (*fishing for a compliment*): Bobby, what did your sister say when she heard that I was going to stay to supper again to-night?

BOBBY: Let me see—oh, yes! she said Mr. Slimbrain must think we keep an hotel.—*Texas Siftings.*

CONFIRMED BACHELOR: How time does fly, Miss Seaside! Why, it was ten years ago that you refused me on this very spot.

MISS SEASIDE (*who wishes she hadn't*): So long ago as that! I was very young and foolish then, Mr. Smith.

CONFIRMED BACHELOR: But we are both older and wiser now, *n'est-ce pas?*—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"My poor man," said the sympathetic visitor to the convicted burglar, "I pity rather than blame you. If you had had the advantages other men have had your career might have been so different! You were reared amid scenes of vice and have passed your life in moral darkness—is it not so?"

"I can't deny it, mum," replied the burglar, "I've allus been obliged to do most of my work in the dark."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"DON'T be a clam" is a warning that meets one very frequently nowadays. Well, why not? What's the matter with a clam? He's all right. If he fulfills his mission and makes the most of himself, what more could be expected and what more does any person do? The clam is as well born, as well bred and as respectable as the oyster, yet nobody thinks of speaking disrespectfully of the oyster. What has the clam done that it should be made a term of derision? Nobody ever heard of a clam getting drunk, lying, cheating at cards, abusing dumb animals, putting a little dog's eyes out, or doing any of the thousand things by which men distinguish themselves from brutes. The clam is yet to be heard from. Perhaps he would say, "Don't be a man."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"VAT is your professin, my vrendt?" asked a jeweler of a prospective customer.

"I am a musician," was the reply.

"A musician. Ah, my tear sir, dot vatch is shust vat you vant in your bisnis. Dot vas der fery ding for a musician. I don't see how you haf got along so vell midout it all dis time."

"I don't see what good the old watch is to a musician."

"You don't? Vell, you yust wait and see vat perfect time dot vatch keeps. Perfect time, und all you've got to do in your bisnis is shust to look oud for der tune."—*Merchant Traveller.*

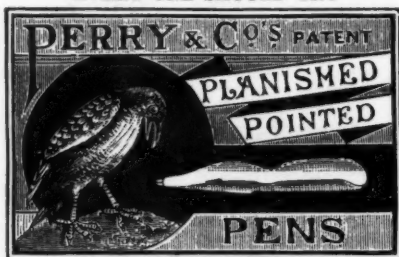
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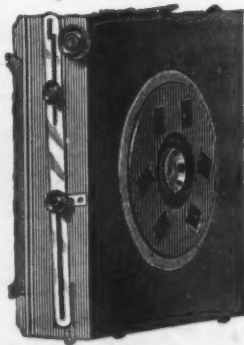


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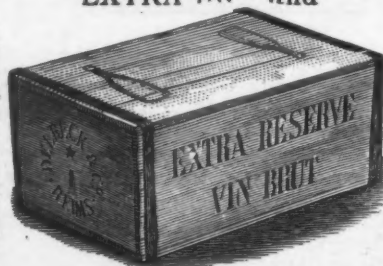
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